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[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

SECLUSALVA, OR THE SQUEL TO THE TALE OF "JUDITH BENSADDI."

[CONTINUED.]

Putting all these facts and conjectures together, I was so nearly persuaded that the lady in black was my Judith, as to feel the most tormenting impatience to solve the mystery. But in vain did I attempt to trace the course of Dr. La Motte, or to discover the place of his residence. The tavern-keeper at the village could give me no information; no one in the neighborhood was possessed of the knowledge that I sought. I concluded to write letters to acquaintances in different parts of Carolina, and to get my friends to do the like, that, if possible, I might from some one obtain the desired information. At least fifty letters were written by me and for me; but four weary months passed away without a ray of intelligence. Nobody seemed to know Dr. La Motte. At last a correspondent in Charleston informed one of my friends, that Dr. La Motte, with his family, had a few days before embarked at that port for France; but that no such lady as Miss Bersati was with them. This correspondent had learned that Dr. La Motte's residence was on the island of St. Helena, upon the sea coast, south of Charleston. I determined to go immediately to the place, and obtain what information I could respecting Miss Bersati.

On the first of March, I mounted my horse, and put him to a full trial of his speed and bottom. In eight days I reached Beaufort, where I found that Dr. La Motte was well known. At his extensive plantation, ten miles from Beaufort, I was able at last to get a clue that would probably guide me to my object. When Dr. La Motte left home for a visit to France, he obtained a situation for Miss Bersati in the family of Mr. Naudin, a relation of his, in the neighborhood of Puryburg, on the Savannah. Thither I went in eager haste, and arrived at the house about noon, on the tenth day of my absence from home.

I was politely received by Mrs. Naudin in the absence of her husband. She informed me that Miss Bersati was an inmate of her family, and was then with her daughters in another part of the house. I showed such deep emotion on hearing this, that Mrs. N suspected instantly the cause of my agitation, and knowing that Miss Bersati was in a correspondent state of mind, respecting some gentleman to whom she had become attached, the good lady did not wait for any detailed explanation, but, on my expressing a desire to see Miss Bersati, she smiled, and said that the young lady would doubtless be glad to see me. "I will request her," (said she) "to step into a private room, that so joyful a meeting may be undisturbed by spectators. Be so good as to keep your seat until I return." I could not literally keep my seat. My palpitating heart would not let me rest a single moment—I got up and paced the room; then sat down again; but in another moment I was on my feet, hurrying from one part of the room to another. Every minute seemed an hour, till Mrs. Naudin returned and asked me to walk with her. I followed her footsteps into a long piazza in the rear of the house, and then to the end of the piazza, where we entered a passage, on the left side of which was a door standing ajar; beckoning me to enter by that door, she retired in silence. I stood a few minutes to collect my spirits. I heard light footsteps within, of a person walking anxiously over the floor. Pushing the door gently, I stepped in, and saw the lady in black walking from me, unconscious of my presence. Her stature and figure seemed to be those of my Judith. Her hair, black and glossy as the raven's plume, agreed with my Judith's. The lady soon heard my approach, and turning round quickly, brought to view a face which again started the rushing tide of sensibility to my nerves. "My Judith," (I exclaimed)—"my own beloved!" and I sprang forward to embrace her. She, when she caught the first glance of my person, uttered a faint cry of joy, and started to meet me. But before we met, I discovered an instantaneous change in her countenance. The glow of joyful surprise was converted into ashy paleness. An expression of anguish came like a flash of lightning upon her face. I was in the act of taking her into my arms, when she sank at once to the floor, as if paralyzed. I raised her up and placed her on a settee in the room, and snatching a cushion from a chair, put it under her head. She soon began to recover from her partial swoon. Before she was able to converse, I had time and opportunity to undecieve myself. I discovered—to my inexpressible grief and disappointment—that the lady in black was not Judith Bersati. She resembled her much in every striking peculiarity of feature. But a close inspection immediately detected differences that left me no room for mistake. This lady's eyes were rather small

and blacker, her complexion darker, her face longer, and the expression of her countenance was to me less benignly sweet and winning.

She rose, after some minutes, to a sitting posture, and giving me a sorrowful look, she sighed deeply without speaking. "Alas, my dear stranger," (said I) "we are both, I fear, sadly disappointed by the result of this interview. I have long sought you in the belief that you were a dear, lost friend. You resemble her, and this resemblance deceived me." "O! sir," (said she) "you were announced to me as a dear, lost friend of mine; it was a mistake on both sides; the shock overcame me; I saw that you were a stranger, and not my friend. My hope is gone. Alas, alas, he is dead! I shall never see him again!" Here she burst into a flood of tears. After she had wept and sobbed a few minutes, I spoke some friendly words to her, and gradually led her into a conversation. The keenness of my disappointment would have been more sorely felt, if the anguish of Miss Bersati had not interested my feelings and excited my curiosity. I was exceedingly desirous to learn the story of one, who, in so many points, resembled my lost Judith, now lost again to my newly awakened hopes.

"Lady," (said I, after a while) "your resemblance to one whom I dearly loved, whom I thought dead, but whom I hoped again to find alive in you, makes me desirous to know something of your history. Will you favor me with an outline of it?"

"I will," (said she) "if my feelings permit." "I have heard," (said I) "that you are from London." "I am," (said she) "but I was born in Italy. My father, Anselmo Bersati, was a professor of music. After the death of my mother, he accepted the invitation of an English nobleman, and removed from Florence to London, when I was ten years old, and my brother twelve. He had no other children. He taught music in the nobleman's family for a while, and was employed at the public concerts. His reputation grew, and he soon acquired a handsome income. He bred me to the same profession, and before I was sixteen, I was qualified to give music lessons. I was soon able to support myself in this way; and before I was eighteen, I got a good salary as a musician in the opera. My brother preferred the mercantile business, and was bred to that. He was fond of travelling, and three years ago made a voyage to America. He returned to London with a young gentleman, Andrew Hazleton, of Charleston, whose father was a merchant in good business. I became acquainted with Mr. Hazleton; he soon attached himself to me; the attachment became mutual, and resulted in an engagement of marriage. He and my brother joined their influence to persuade my father to emigrate to Charleston, where they assured him of a profitable employment in his profession. My expected settlement in that city induced him to consent; and the next spring, now two years ago, was fixed on for the voyage. Mr. Hazleton returned home to wait our arrival for the consummation of the marriage.

"The next spring when we expected to embark, my father was taken ill with a lingering disease, which confined him for six months to the house. When he was able again to ride out, he had the misfortune to be thrown from the carriage, and almost killed. At last, however, though threatened with a return of his old disease, he embarked with me, twelve months ago, for Charleston. But it was a sad embarkation, for on that very day we heard that my brother had fallen in a duel at Havana, to which he had gone upon a trading voyage. The news so affected my poor father, that he was taken sick before we had lost sight of land. He suffered great agony during five weeks, and then, just as the American coast came in view, he breathed his last. Thus was I left a destitute orphan among strangers, and my first office on landing in a strange city, was to bury my father. His long illness, and my close attendance on him, reduced our resources, especially as he had given my brother a large portion of his capital, to set him up in trade. On my landing in Charleston, I had but small funds remaining. But I experienced great kindness from several strangers, especially from Dr. La Motte, who was a fellow-passenger on the voyage.

"I must now tell you of another sore affliction on my landing. I did not find Mr. Hazleton, as I expected. He had written to me affectionately, from time to time, during the first year after our separation. He then informed me that his father had met with misfortunes in business, which made it expedient for him to remove to New-Orleans, where he might retrieve his losses. He still urged us to come as soon as possible to America; assured me of his unchanged affection, and declared that nothing prevented him from coming to London for me, but the difficulty of his father's affairs, which required his aid. A few days before we embarked, we received a letter, dated New-Orleans, in which he promised to meet me in Charleston, as soon as he should hear of my arrival there. As soon as I was able, after landing, I wrote to him an account of my arrival and of my sad condition. A month afterwards no answer had arrived. I wrote again; but no answer was returned. Dr. La Motte then wrote to a friend of his in New-Orleans, to make inquiries. In four weeks he received an answer, saying that old Mr. Hazleton was dead, and that his son Andrew had embarked, three months before, on a commercial adventure for Brazil, and might be expected soon to return. This explained the cause of my receiving no answers to my late letters, and gave me some consolation. In the mean time, I resided in Dr. La Motte's family as governess of his daughters, and received great kindness from the family. I waited in hope of soon seeing or hearing from Mr. Hazleton. But another and

another month passed away without intelligence. Dr. La Motte again to his friend, and received for answer, that Mr. Hazleton, had neither returned nor been heard from. I now began to fear that some fatal accident had befallen him. I had no doubt of his fidelity to me, and have never suspected him of repenting his engagement, or I should not have sought intelligence of him as I have done. In the month of August, I accompanied Dr. La Motte's family on a tour to the north, and returned with them two months afterwards.

Here I interrupted the fair narrator with the remark, that it was on their return from that tour, that I got a glimpse of her face in Philadelphia, and afterwards heard of her visit to the vale of Seclusa. She gave me a look of surprise and interest, when I mentioned Seclusaval. "Are you the owner of that beautiful valley?" "Yes," Miss Bersati; and it was the feeling which you showed on hearing of my disappointment in love, that led me to seek this interview, in the hope that you might indeed prove to be my lost Judith Bersatti." "Judith Bersatti! Judith Bersatti!" said she, in a sort of amazement, "is she the lady whom you loved?" "Yes," whom I loved and lost; did you know her?" "Yes, my father was her music-teacher; he often praised her as the finest and most amiable scholar that he ever had. I saw her a few times; but I never had any intimacy with her." "Can you tell me, Miss Bersati, any thing of her history shortly before and after her father's bankruptcy?" "Very little, sir; I remember to have heard that she paid her father's debts out of her own fortune; and I think that I afterwards heard of her going to France with her father, and that he died there." "Did you ever hear of her marriage, and of her husband's name?" "I remember to have heard, some years ago, that she expected to be married to a clergyman who had baptized her; but, although my father was often at Mr. Bersatti's house, while giving her lessons, he ceased to have any intercourse with the family afterwards, and we did not often hear of them; I do not think I ever heard of her marriage." "Did you ever hear of her death?" "I heard something of another death in the family; I cannot say for certain that she was the one."

Thus unsatisfactorily did my enquiries terminate. Meanwhile Miss Bersati gradually assumed a more cheerful air, in the excitement of conversation. I staid until the next day, and became sufficiently acquainted with Miss B. to admire her beauty, her talents and her accomplishments. I thought that she showed no reluctance to cultivate an intimacy with me. She often alluded to the beauties of Seclusaval, and of her despair of again seeing her lover. I thought her an interesting lady, resembling my Judith a good deal;—but, on the whole, far inferior, especially in the undesigned simplicity of heart, and virgin purity of sentiment, which gave to my lost Judith her transcendent loveliness; not that Miss Bersati was notably deficient in these estimable traits of character; but the Italian ardor of her feelings was not tempered with such a degree of unsophisticated sweetness and modesty, as distinguished my Judith. Yet I sincerely commiserated her misfortunes, so much like those of my beloved.

The reader, if interested in her story, will be pleased to hear that within a month after my visit, her lover returned and fulfilled his engagement.

CHAPTER V.

I returned home with a heavy heart; taking Charleston in my route, that I might lay in a supply of all things needful to complete my establishment in Seclusaval, where I was now more than ever disposed to lead a solitary life, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." With this view I purchased every thing now, in the way of furniture and stores, that my little household and my laborers would be likely to need for several years. I was liberal, if not profuse, in my purchases; I designed to be not only just but generous to my agents, tenants and dependents; and accumulated such various stores, that I could always have suitable presents to bestow. For my worthy steward's family I made special provision. As to my private and ordinary style of living, I resolved that it should be simple and plain; but when genteel friends or strangers should visit my lovely Seclusaval, I resolved to bring forth out of my stores the elegancies and luxuries that would make their visit agreeable to the style of my hospitality as well as for the charms of the scenery.

Thus did I think to console my desolate heart. By the first of April, I again saw the unfolding verdure of my valley, promising a glorious summer display of all that is beautiful in external nature. The house was finished in a simple, but remarkably neat and cleanly style of architecture. It was spacious enough to accommodate a large family. The water pipes were laid, and a clear fountain spouted in the yard, and ran sparkling to trace its maze rounds about the slopes and terraces of the garden. The garden, now finished and furnished, began to bud and bloom with all the riches of a temperate climate. The meadow, sprinkled here and there with trees, single and in clumps, was clothed with a luxuriant sward of the deepest green. The pure waters of the lake were inhabited by a thousand sportive fishes, among which the trout seemed to find peculiar joy in the cool pellucid element. The neighboring hills and dales differed from the meadow, only in being more shaded with the native forest trees, which had been selected to remain for their stately magnificence, their beautiful forms, or their rich verdure; but among these chosen remnants of the forest, a green turf, grazed by flocks and herds, began to cover and adorn the ground. Lawns here and there permitted the eye to pene-

trate into the bosom of the park, and afforded glimpses of beautiful groves and retreats, that enticed the imagination as much as by what was hidden as by what was revealed.

A carriage-road had been made to wind among the hills and dales towards the upper end of the valley. Passing by the Dusky Cascade before described, it pursued the dark glen that led up to the Blue Ridge; but presently took the point of a low ridge, that led gradually up to the top of Craggyhead. From this road another led down into the valley on the north-eastern side of Craggyhead, and down that valley until it joined the road leading out of Seclusaval by the ravine.

Now, with all these varied sources of pleasure and amusement,—such choice gifts of nature, such sweet embellishments of art, such stores of all that my heart could covet of the productions of human industry; such a collection of books and of philosophical apparatus, and such specimens of the fine arts, as I had collected in Europe and America,—which, if not very costly, were all that I desired,—did I not feel happy? How many are there in this country, male and female, young and old, who fancy that the possessor of such abundant sources of enjoyment, must needs enjoy them and be satisfied. Or, if those alone could not satisfy; if the pleasures of society were wanting in my valley; still, as I could easily allure what company I would into so charming a retreat—many, perhaps, among my readers, will scarce believe me when I say, that after the excitement of unpacking, storing away and arranging my late acquisitions was over, and I had nothing to do but enjoy the beauties of Seclusaval and the goods that I had laid up for many years;—then did I begin to feel a degree of hopeless despondency, such as I had never felt since I came into the golden country. While I was laboring in my profession, and was full of duties and engagements, I was happy. The constant stimulus that kept my faculties in a state of activity, left me no time to brood over real or imaginary evils. Now, when my work was done, my fortune made, and a home, lovelier than I had ever dreamed of in my most poetic moods, was mine, to have and to enjoy, according to my pleasure, I first began to feel a sense of weariness and satiety, then of loneliness; then, as the remembrance of one favorite object unattained, came up more frequently and took hold more deeply upon my mind, I became so mad and restless, that I saw no other means of alleviation then to fly from any quiet paradise and mingle again with the turmoils of busy life. In fact, there was an aching void in my heart; I was alone, and "it is not good for man to be alone."

Happily, there was one favorite enterprise of mine yet unaccomplished. The female academy was not yet supplied with teachers. A difficulty arose, and the trustees sent for me to come down and aid them with my advice. The difficulty was this: the trustees had, after much correspondence, fixed their hearts on procuring the services of Mr. Danforth, who was teaching a female academy in New York, but thinking the climate too cold for his constitution, was desirous of obtaining a situation in the south. But as his qualifications were high, so, and justly so, were his terms. He required the guarantee of a specific sum for himself during one year, and for his music teacher during three years. He would not engage in a new institution and a strange country, without satisfactory evidence that a complete seminary under good management could be sustained, and this evidence was the guarantee. The trustees could obtain from the families of the country around sufficient engagements to guarantee Mr. Danforth's own salary, and that of his wife;—but the demand of one thousand dollars a year for the music teacher, seemed extravagant and the patrons were not willing to join the trustees in securing it.

When I met with the trustees, I found them reluctantly brought to the conclusion, that they could not employ Mr. D., and must look out for another, and probably an inferior teacher. When I read his letter prescribing the conditions, I noticed that he spoke in the highest terms of the lady who taught music in his school; he valued her services so highly, that he would not engage anywhere without securing her an ample salary. He said that she was in no degree related to him or his family, and that she was a friendless and unfortunate lady, whom he would not forsake, and whose talents and accomplishments would adorn any station. I was struck with the noble sentiments expressed by Mr. Danforth, and conceived such an esteem for his character, that I promptly resolved to make myself responsible for the music teacher's salary.

"Gentlemen," (said I) "Mr. Danforth speaks like a man conscious of his deserts; and what is more like a generous friend to the unfortunate. The high terms which he demands so peremptorily for the accomplished and unfortunate lady whom he has taken under his protection, are to me the strongest reasons why we should accept them. I take upon myself the guarantee of a thousand dollars annually, for three years, to the unfortunate lady;—I will go a step further, & promise the same lady three elegant suits of apparel yearly, if she will come three times each year and play upon the instrument that stands silent in my lonely parlor; and, by way of assurance that the promise shall be fulfilled, I will send to Philadelphia to-morrow for the first three suits. Mr. Lyppet sets out to-morrow for that city, and he shall be my agent. So write immediately to Mr. D., and tell him that his terms are accepted; but I forbid any mention of my name in the letter. The music teacher might feel some scruple, if she knew that a young bachelor had bidden so high for her. She might suspect that I have some design upon her."

This letter was written; and in three weeks an answer was received, announcing that Mr. D.

and his teachers would set out in a few days for the academy.

This affair lightened the burden upon my heart for some days. I returned to Seclusaval, but soon began to droop again. I busied myself, while in superintending some improvements, either not yet finished or newly undertaken. I visited all the new farms on my estate, especially the French colony in Soyevin, the name which I gave the valley devoted to vineyards and mulberry orchards. I found them doing well. Thus I made out to spend the month of April. But when May came, my melancholy increased. The opening charms of nature in Seclusaval served only to inspire melancholy thoughts. I was still alone; and it is not good for man to be alone. But what could I do? Though the Hours that adorn the fancied paradise of Mahomet had all smiled upon me, not one could have touched my heart, so long as the sweet miniature that I wore in my bosom, daily renewed my love for the peerless Judith Bersatti;—ever to be loved, and ever to be lamented.

I could stay at home no longer. I mounted my horse and rode again to the academy. The workmen were busily engaged in preparing it for the expected teachers. It could divert my melancholy but a day or two. I mounted and rode away, scarcely knowing whither I would go. Once I thought that I would visit the place where I first resided in Carolina; but when I reached the fork of the road leading to it, I felt too gloomy to appear among my acquaintances there: so I turned eastwardly and travelled on without object. I was flying from melancholy; but I carried the evil in my bosom, and fled in vain, because I could not fly from myself.

The third day of my travel from the academy was Saturday, and brought me at nightfall to an inn by the way-side, where a Mr. McTab, a Scotchman, furnished homely fare to travellers. The family had just arrived from a religious meeting, which was being held at a village seven miles beyond. The meeting was numerous attended on account of the presbytery, which was holding its sessions at the place. The Lord's Supper was to be administered the next day, and a great congregation was expected to attend. I was glad to hear of this meeting, and resolved at once to attend it. I felt myself in awful need of religious consolation; and hoped that by means of the holy communion, I might at last obtain rest for my weary soul.

I accompanied Mr. McTab and his family the next morning. I found the church in a grove on the outskirts of the village. Hundreds of horses were tied to the trees and fences. Although Divine service had begun, great numbers of loose persons were strolling about or gathered in groups wherever they could find logs or benches to sit on. Every door had a crowd about it, and every seat and every aisle in the church were thronged with auditors. Mr. McTab's pew being near the front door, we made out to work our way to it; and by making some youngsters stand among our feet we were enabled to seat ourselves. I could not see the preacher, except occasionally through openings in a dense mass of heads and shoulders. The sermon was an edifying one, and prepared me for joining devoutly in the communion.

When the communion service began, there was considerable difficulty in passing through the crowded aisles to the table. Therefore I waited until the service was nearly over, and then accompanied Mr. McTab's family to the table. Finding it nearly full, they took the space on the one side, while I passed round to the other, and sat facing them. Two or three ladies still lacked seats. The elder in attendance touched my shoulder, that I might make room for them. By pressing closely together, we left a space that was scantily sufficient for the ladies. The one next to me was in deep mourning, and closely veiled. She was much affected after she sat down, and strove in vain to suppress her sobs and tears. She had been pressed so closely to my side, that I could feel the tremor of her nerves and the palpitation of her heart. Her tokens of distress excited my sympathy. Her bereavement was doubtless severe, and probably recent: whether she mourned for parent, or brother; or, what seemed more likely, for the companion of her bosom. As I did, so did she, and sorely too, need the consolations of religion. I raised my heart in supplication for the weeping mourner, as well as for myself.

When the bread was distributed, she seemed to be so absorbed by her devoutness as not to observe it. I took a small piece from the plate, broke it and put one of the parts into her hand. She took it from me and ate it, as I did the other part. So, when the wine came round, I tasted first, and then gave her the cup, which she took from my hand. Every moment I felt a greater interest in this stranger, and repeatedly implored the Father of Mercies in her behalf. I knew not why, but I was conscious of a singularly tender sensation from the soft touch of her arm and side involuntarily pressed against mine. The feeling had nothing in it incongruous to the sacredness of the hour and the place: it was a pure sympathy for the griefs of a breast, so gentle and so devout as I felt hers to be. I was not a little gratified to perceive the soothing effect of the communion upon her heart, whose spasmodic action ceased; tears flowed no longer; but a holy calm seemed to have been breathed into her soul, as it was in mine, through faith in the expiatory sufferings that were signified by the sacred emblems of bread and wine. We felt the peace which the dying Son of God bequeathed to his disciples;—the spiritual peace, without which the soul of man is but a fountain of bitter waters.

Then we rose from the table, the ladies at my side preceded me in retiring. The mourning lady then appeared to be of the middle stature, and she wore a bonnet somewhat different from

any others others that I noticed. These were the only observations that I could make, before we were a few minutes and I lost sight of her. I had no means of learning, as I could not describe her to another person with any distinctness.

During our short intermission that preceded the afternoon service, I walked out to meditate in the woods. I felt a delightful glow of spiritual comfort. A fountain, lately closed, had been opened again by the devotional exercises of the day. I no longer considered myself a solitary, disconnected being. I felt linked one tie, of all the ties the closest and dearest—if, so far, I was severed from that without which human nature and human happiness are incomplete—I now felt the drawing of other hands which found me to every heart, even of strangers, around the communion table. I was still a member of the human family—I was also a member of the spiritual family, gathered by him who came down from heaven, into a peculiar brotherhood—a brotherhood of renewed hearts, which by prayer draw sweet influences of love from the common fountain of Deity, ever flowing from its exhaustless source to purify and to console. Alas! that so many should ever see these living waters. Alas! that so many should refuse the bitterness of their own hearts into these healing streams, and call the palatable mixture religion!

The afternoon service was begun, before I returned to the church. The sermon was an excellent one; chastely and beautifully eloquent, and strictly appropriate to the occasion, but delivered with less vehemence of manner than is usual in the south. The people generally seemed to listen without interest to calm and lucid exposition, logical argument and mild persuasion. The popular mind is yet too unaccustomed to religiously refined oratory. I asked Mr. McTab who this preacher was. A stranger from the north, (said he), ranging away south. Altogether the services of the day had a surprising effect on my mind. I left the church, renewed, brightened, and sanctified, at least for the time. I thanked Divine Providence for directing my wandering steps to this Presbyterian meeting. I could now go home refreshed.

As I stepped through the crowd to get my horse, I happened to hear a couple of plainly dressed old country women, in earnest conversation. Their Scottish dialect first struck my attention; but the subject of their colloquy soon awakened all my curiosity. "Awel, now, Mrs. McGraw, I wud na mind that a bawbee. Ye'll agree that a Jewess may be a gude christian, when she is converted." "Why, yes, Mrs. McCracken, I grant ye, if she be truly and thoroughly regenerate; but that is nae easily done wi' an' o' them hardened Jews, Mrs. McCracken. And them I wud nae mind her being a private christian, like, but I unnerstan that she is a teacher, a sort o' public character, like,—ye know, Mrs. McCracken. Now just think—wud ye like to put your daughter under a Judaizing teacher? Ye know how the Apostle warns us agin sic Judaizing teachers. Think o' that, Mrs. McCracken."

I had stopped at the word Jewess, which struck me like a clap of thunder—not now to frighten, but to rouse me. I waited for some further development of the subject of conversation. But Mrs. McCracken's husband called her off suddenly. "Good e'en, Mrs. McGraw," said Mrs. McCracken. "Good e'en, Mrs. McCracken," said Mrs. McGraw; and before I could address either Mrs. McCracken or Mrs. McGraw, they had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

Had I met an acquaintance then, I would have inquired, if they had a converted Jewess for a teacher in their neighborhood. But a few moments' reflection made me conclude, that it was a matter of no consequence to me. Jewesses were found half the world over; and a converted Jewess was no such rarity, that the mention of one should make me fancy that my lost Judith had risen from the grave.

I returned to Mr. McTab's on my way home. The next morning, while conversing with the hostess on the occurrences of the meeting, I was about to ask her a question, suggested by the allusions of the old women at the church, when she anticipated me by asking if I knew that the lady in mourning, who sat by my side at the communion table, was a converted Jewess. I started, turned pale, and almost breathless, answered, "No." "Awel now, she was,—but ye need be frightened. I trust that she is truly regenerate, and I dinna think that we should feel sic antipathy to only christian, though she be Jewish blood." "I feel no antipathy, Mrs. McTab. But what you tell me is very surprising. Does she reside in this country?" "Na, she is a stranger among us. She came till the presbytery on Saturday with the preacher that ye heard in the afternoon. They are gangin' south, I hear, till teach a reninny." "Do you know the preacher's name?" "Aye, I heard it; I think they ca' him Doufort, or the like o' that." "Danforth, perhaps." "Aye, aye, Danforth, preceesly." "Is the Jewish lady his wife?" I asked in great trepidation. "Na, na; his wife sat next till the Jewess, in white caes." "The say that the Jewish convert is his music teacher—though I canna say what sort o' music she teaches—some o' their ungadly whuslin lilt, I fear,—for they dinna teach psalmody in their academies, I unnerstan—the mair is the pity." "His music teacher! Did you hear her name, Mrs. McTab?" "Her name! O aye, I heard and tell it till anither; but it is sic a strange name—I canna remember—but it sounded like Scriptur name too—Beersheba—or Belshazzar—Ach! na—'t was na just a Scriptur name—Benhadad—it was amint like Benhadad—but I canna forgather it." "Was it Bensaddi?" I asked with almost breathless anxiety. "Benhadad! A weel now I think that was it.—But I canna tell; I think now it was mair like Baalsameu." "Try to remember, Mrs. McTab—do remember, I beg you." "Ye seem to hae a curiosity about it, Mr. Garamel. Ah, here is Jenny—Jenny, dear, did ye hear the Jewish lady's name at the kirk yest' ceen?" "Nae, mither; I only heard her called the Jewish music teacher."

This was all that I could learn of the family. Though unsatisfactory, it was sufficient to kindle again some trembling hope—at least it stirred up a thorny impatience to learn who this music teacher was. She was a Jewess; she was a mourner; I had caused her to come to our academy; and

at the communion table, I had felt that there was a tender and mysterious sympathy between our souls. These alone were points of deep interest—and then the name! Oh how I longed to know the exact form of it! I was cautious, since Miss Gersent's case had disappointed me, not to trust in resemblances.

Breakfast had been just finished, and the hostess was saddling my steed, when a twohorse barouche passed by towards the west. I stepped to the door and saw that the hind seat was occupied by two ladies, one in white, the other in black with the identical bonnet of the lady in whom I now felt so intense an interest. In five minutes I was on my horse, and ere I was aware I found that I had urged him to a gallop. When I overtook them, a short turn in the road brought the side of the barouche into view. Mr. Danforth sat on the fore seat as driver; but the lady in black was so closely veiled, and so covered from my sight by the other lady, that I could make no discovery. I could easily have passed and turned to look at the faces of the party, but I would not risk a recognition of such importance in such circumstances.

Supposing that they must have taken an early breakfast and would of course stop for dinner, I laid a scheme to gain my end at the house where they would stop. The only convenient house for the purpose, I remembered to be in a rocky vale, where a mill, a store and a smith shop, made a sort of village. When Mr. Danforth stopped the barouche at a brook to let the horses drink, I rode past, holding my umbrella so as to conceal my face from the ladies. I then dashed on, and arrived at the tavern near an hour earlier than the barouche.

Telling the landlady that I did not "feel well," (a true saying,) I called for a private room that I might lie down. She showed me first a back room, which I rejected; then she offered me a room up stairs, which I declined also. She looked with curiosity into my face, to see if my perianium was sound. I asked if she had not a bed-room at the end of the front piazza. "Yes," (said she), "but the sun makes it too warm, at this time of day." "Give me that, madam, it suits me exactly." She gave me another scrutinizing glance and then led the way. It was within thirty feet of the gate, and had a small window, opening towards the road. Requesting to have some toast and tea prepared, I lay down on the bed. But I seemed to lie on thorns. I got up and prepared the window, by heaving the sash up and the curtain down, so as to leave a small opening adapted to my scheme of peeping—for I desired to see before I was seen. Meditating on the possibility that this might be indeed my Judith, I considered what I should do in case that it was herself. She was probably a widow, as her deep mourning and sorrow indicated a bereavement more recent than the death of her father thirteen months before. I conceived the outlines of a plan of action; and was absorbed in the subject, when I heard the sound of wheels. My heart fluttered; in great trepidation I took my seat by the window just as the vehicle stopped.

Mr. Danforth dismounted, and hearing that the party could have dinner, he handed out first the lady in white, who walked straightway into the house. Then he handed out the lady in black, who, as she entered the gate, partially drew aside her veil. A soft dark eye, and part of a lovely face, made me almost faint with fearful joy. Mr. Danforth spoke to her: "How do you feel now, Miss Judith?" "Better every way than I have felt these many days," was the answer; and as she spoke, she turned her face so that every feature was distinctly seen.

I heard—I saw—it was—it was beyond a doubt my Judith Bensaddi! Her softly beaming eyes, her sweet countenance, somewhat pale and overcast with years of sorrow, but yet all sweet and lovely; the dulcet voice—the name—all agreed. I must have believed, though I had seen her laid in the grave. She lived—she looked—she spoke—she was *Miss Judith*, not Mrs. Brannigan. Yesterday she sat by my side a devout christian, as if Heaven designed that our reunion should commence at the holy place where we mingled pious vows, ate of the same consecrated bread, and drank of the same hallowed cup. Now, when all was evident, and my fearful hope was changed to certainty, I sank down upon the floor, smitten almost to death with excessive joy.

Soon after, a servant brought in my tea and toast. He found me apparently very ill,—really ill with joy. I had crawled into the bed; now I attempted to rise and go to the table, but stumbled and fell. I made out to get on a chair and drink a dish of tea, which revived me; but I told the servant to take out the things, as I had no appetite for food. The servant's report of my illness brought in the hostess, who asked if I would have a physician sent for. I told her that I was getting over the fit, and could do without medicine. "There is a strange gentleman here who knows something of physic," (said she), "he desired me to ask if he could be of any service." "I shall be pleased to see him," was my reply. She left me; and the next moment Mr. Danforth entered the room. I told him that my illness was going off and needed no further treatment; but that I wished to have a few minutes' private conversation with him. He cheerfully assented. I inquired and remarks, requested him to tell me what he knew of the late history of his music teacher. My reason for asking, (said I), "I have known the lady and was much attached to her; I recognised her as she came into the house, and was astonished to see her; because on a visit to London, nine months ago, I was informed that she and her father had died near the same time in France."

"Of course," (said Mr. D.), "you were misinformed respecting her death. I presume that it was her sister, Mrs. Brannigan, whose death you heard of. I will relate to you how I came to be acquainted with her. Bad health led me and my wife to spend the winter before the last in the south of France. We resided some months at Clairfont, a pleasant, healthy village near Bordeaux. We chose that village, because it was inhabited by protestants, and was a place of frequent resort for invalids. Here we became acquainted with Miss Bensaddi, who was attending on her sick father and sister. An English family in the village had known the Bensaddis in their prosperous days. They spoke in such exalted

terms of Miss Judith, and compassionated her afflictions to such a degree, that I resolved to seek acquaintance. Her assiduous attendance on her father and sister confined her almost constantly to the house; but having gained an introduction, we assisted her in nursing the sick, and soon gained her warm friendship, and what is more, acquired such knowledge of her modest virtues. After the death of her father and sister, which she deeply mourned, but bore with pious submission, we proposed that she should come with us to America. We knew that she had nobly surrendered her own large fortune to pay her father's debts,—that she was the only survivor of the family, and that she felt reluctant to go back to London where nothing but melancholy reminiscences awaited her. I assured her, that in America her talents and acquirements would gain her an ample support. She replied that her nearest and best friend resided in Boston, and that she would thankfully accept our kind protection, until she could meet with that friend. She declared her intention to devote herself to teaching, that she might gain an honest living, and be useful to her fellow creatures. We embarked at Bordeaux and landed in New York on the fifteenth of June."

"Did you?" (said I); then I was not mistaken, when I thought that I saw Miss Judith on the deck of a French ship, which our packet met in the narrows on that very day. I was then on my way to London." "You remind me," (said Mr. D.), "of a circumstance which then occurred. We observed that Judith looked intently at the passengers on a ship that we passed in the narrows; and at last burst into tears. When we asked what was the matter, she said that she recognised a dear friend in that ship, one whom she had never before expected to see again, and probably had now seen for the last time. She was obviously reluctant to mention particulars; so we did not press her, and she never spoke of the friend."

"In New York, I again resumed the school which I had taught. Miss Bensaddi addressed a letter to her Boston friend, Mr. Von Caleb; after long delay, she received a letter from another gentleman there, a friend of his, saying that Mr. Von Caleb had gone, just a week before her letter arrived, to reside again in London; that being left in charge of his affairs at Boston, he had opened her letter. He apologised that pressing circumstances prevented him from affording her any aid, but that she could write to her cousin in London, if she would. She desired no aid except accepted my offer of employment as music teacher in my female seminary."

"She lived very retired in my family,—seemingly indisposed to mixed society;—but in private, with my family and a few friends, she was a delightful associate; while her extraordinary skill & assiduity as a teacher, were of great advantage to my school and to every pupil that she taught."

"But a confined city life did not suit her natural taste and constitution. Though as cheerful as such accumulated misfortunes would permit any one to be, she evidently drooped and pined away; until about the middle of autumn, when we made an excursion up the Hudson, visited West Point, the Catskills and Niagara. This tour had a wonderful effect on her health and spirits. She was inexpressibly delighted with the scenery on our route, and showed that a country life could alone give her continued health and pleasure. On her account, therefore, as much as my own, I was gratified with the prospect of a residence in upper Carolina, where the climate would doubtless suit me and my wife, and the vicinity of the mountains will suit the taste of Miss Bensaddi. I can see that her health and spirits are already improved by the mere expectation of living near the mountains."

"I hope that she will reside in the midst of them before long," said I, under a sudden impulse. Mr. D. looked surprised, and waited for an explanation. But as yet I have given him none:

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

POLITICAL.

[From the Bangor Democrat.] THE MEANS OF CONVERSION.

Our federal opponents have quite a perfect system of organization; their Central Committee at Washington is composed of members of Congress; then come the State, County, Town and School district Committees, through which orders are passed down from, and intelligence is sent up to, head quarters. The inferior officers, of their police act as spies and informers; they keep a watchful eye on the movements and have an open ear for the remarks of their neighbors; it is their duty to find subjects for conversion. Where they find a democrat that they suppose is lukewarm, dissatisfied, or disposed to change or any one that may be operated upon, as they call it—their names are immediately transmitted to head quarters, when they are complimented with speeches and documents franked by the federal Congressmen, and the greatest attention is paid them by federal gentlemen of distinction. The Hon. Geo. Evans and his coadjutors here, have tried this stuffing system in many instances in this section, and although several hopeful cases have been reported, we cannot learn a solitary instance of genuine conversion. It is emphatically no go. The unusual attention from their opponents, their documents and their flattery, are taken upon by democrats as "descending to us" as insulting in the highest degree. They consider it condescension to place wool over their eyes;—flattery to deceive;—and sure evidence that the federalists believe that the people have neither common sense nor common honesty.

WANT OF FORESIGHT.—Not long since the fifteen gallion temperance Whigs of Massachusetts set down their orchards, to show that they would neither touch, taste nor handle any beverage that would induce jollity. They would even forego apples that the intoxicating drink of cider should not be made. Well, these same anti-cider men are now obliged to pay at the rate of seven dollars a barrel for the favorite Harrison liquor to drink bumpers to the success of the *seig* candidate. What a pity that the federalists destroyed their orchards—perhaps the act will be the means of defeating Harrison. Who know what cider may do!—Bangor Democrat.

From the Eastern Argus.

THE FEDERAL GAME OF PANIC.

Next to "Hard Cider," the Federalists rely upon "Hard Times," to secure their success at the coming Presidential election. This is no new game with them. Ever since their first existence as a party, they have endeavored to build themselves up upon the distresses of the community, and to procure from the people by extortion, that power and authority which they could not obtain by any argument of reason, or any arts of persuasion. The character which the venerable Matthew Carey gave them, a quarter of a century ago, is as distinctly applicable to them now, as it was then; for, now as then, they labor to overthrow Democracy by "grinding the face of the poor." The "character," is contained in the following extract from page 322 of the "Olive Branch," and we beg our readers to give it a moment's attention. Mr. Carey says of the Federalists of his time:—

"Your party rises as your country sinks. It sinks as your country rises. This is another awful fact. It cannot fail to reach the heart of every public spirited man among you. For the love of the God of Peace—contains all you hold dear, I adjure you to weigh with this sentence, 'Your sink as your country rises.' It is an indubitable so. It is a terrible appalling truth. And you rise as that desponding, lacerated, perishing, betrayed country sinks." "I would rather be a dog and bay the moon," than stand in this odious predicament."

"Your party rises as your Country sinks!" "It sinks as your Country rises!" Such was the declaration of Matthew Carey concerning the Federalists of the last war; and such, too, must be the declaration of every true Patriot concerning the Federalists of the present day. The opposition to the Administration of Madison did not more certainly rise and fall with the reverses and successes of the Country, than did the opposition to Andrew Jackson, or than now does the opposition to Martin Van Buren. The enemies of "Old Hickory," every body knows, prospered only during the brief periods of Bank-erated PANIC. Whenever they succeeded, by the recklessness of their paper money machinery, in occasioning mercantile embarrassment and pecuniary distress among the people, then it was that they held their heads most erect, and in the language of Daniel Webster, breathed "freer and deeper." Then it was, too, that they enjoyed an occasional triumph at the local elections, and solaced themselves with the vain hope of ultimate and lasting victory. But when on the other hand, the community recovered from the momentary consternation of the times, and business resumed, in some degree, its wonted activity, then it was glorious to see how instantly, as it were, Republicanism resumed its accustomed sway, and Federalism shrunk, like a condemned criminal, into darkness and obscurity. Notwithstanding the bold declaration of a Federal leader, that it was "by suffering alone" that the American people could be prevailed on to support Henry Clay, and notwithstanding the vigor and energy with which that declaration was acted on by the whole money power of the Country, Andrew Jackson was nevertheless sustained in his glorious career, and the whole nation united to do him honor.

No efforts of the money king and his satellites at coercion; no deceptive cries of "hard times!" and "ruined country!"—no "panics" of any description whatever, proved able to check the current of popularity which carried "Old Hickory" into the Presidential chair, and steadily increased as the principles and character of that noble patriot became more extensively known and more thoroughly tried. Andrew Jackson was decidedly more loved and honored by the people, when he wrote his excellent "Farewell Address," than he was in 1833, he transmitted his first message to Congress!

The same means which the Federalists have heretofore used against the Democracy, they are now employing in order to defeat the reelection of Mr. Van Buren; and it is easy to see that they rely for success, only upon the ignorance and the sufferings of the people. "Take away their senses and disgusting clamor, or about 'Log Cabins and Hard Cider,' and deprive them of their everlasting cry of 'hard times!' and you take from the sum and substance of all their political capital, and leave them no electioneering tools to work with. They announce no principles, and rely their followers around no political creed. I say simply, 'Hurrah for Old Tip!'" and how loudly doleful lamentations over this "ruined country." And they insult the undertakings of the community, by pretending to suppose, that these mere catch-words of party can have sufficient influence to secure Gen. Harrison's election! The strong tones of rebuke in which that community will speak out to them in November next, will show them in a manner not to be mistaken, how grievously they have underrated the popular intellect.

In relation to the Gross Wickedness of now charging upon the Administration, all the pecuniary evils which exist in the community, we shall have a word to say hereafter. Our present purpose has been only to remind our readers, that as the federalists proverbially "fatten on distress," so they make it a business, at different periods, to try to demonstrate to the people by ACTUAL SUFFERING, that Democratic rulers are not to be tolerated in America!

HARD TIMES.—If there was as great a turn out as has been represented, the Baltimore Federal Convention, in time and money, to say nothing of cabins and devices, cost something like two million dollars. The convention transacted no business, except to assess and collect a large electioneering fund, and the two millions were fooled away, which proves that the times are severe and money scarce!—Bangor Democrat.

From the Bangor Democrat.

CHANGE FOR THE SAKE OF A CHANGE.

We made some remarks last week under this caption and we now pursue the subject somewhat farther. Our opponents assume that the people are prepared to go "for change for the sake of change," on the ground that "a change in the Administration could produce a favorable effect upon the business interest of the country." This is man's growing motive, and that his avarice is on the postulate that any change must be for the better. As we conceive, this is sheer assumption and a false view of things. Notwithstanding the selfishness of man, we believe that he has a deep and abiding love of truth, and that his patriotism, rectitude of conduct and devotion to principles are considerations which rise above the mere lust of gain and desire to advance his own interests to the sacrifice of his character and the cause of liberty.

Our federal opponents, desiring a changer themselves for political purposes, would create a desire for change in the minds of those who could realize no benefits from it if a change should take place. The people are not blind; they can see that the selfish, the mercenary and the aspiring would make them instruments to work out a result which would only be beneficial to the few who would thereby advance themselves. These interest devotes appeal to the people and demand a change which the people only can make; and why for what? Why is a change wanted? Why is not the present Administration acceptable? Yes, why? No reason is assigned, but that the times are bad. It is superficially argued, or rather boldly stated without argument, that bad times are the natural result of a bad Administration.

What man of sane mind pretends that the Administration has interfered with his individual business? If a farm is not productive or if the season is unfavorable, does the farmer believe that the Administration, and not himself or the great Supreme, is the occasion of it? If the merchant cannot sell his merchandise does he think it is owing to the Administration? If the mechanic cannot obtain employment and high wages, does he pretend that the Administration has interfered in the matter? Certainly not, if persons are in full possession of their senses. "The great cause is made up from these individual cases, which show the principle involved in the argument or statement of our opponents, that bad times are the consequence of a bad Administration."

A change of Administration, it is represented, would produce mighty effects. Would it occasion more fruitful seasons, and enable people to get rich and live without labor? Would it fulfil contracts and pay debts? Would it make people careful and economical? Would it change men's habits and natures?

If it is absolutely necessary to have a change in the Administration it is on account of an abuse of power, corruption or mal-practices on the part of those in power, or because it is desirable to have a change of men in order to have a change of principles and measures, or for both these reasons. It is not denied that the opposition make the charge of corruption—but do they show it? They allege mal-practices—but do they bring them forward substantiated by evidence? These changes have been made but not proved; on the contrary whenever they have assumed a tangible form rebutting and conclusive proof has been produced, and the allegations have been left unfounded.

If the principles and measures of the present Administration are not satisfactory, why are not others presented to the public that the people may judge and choose between them? What kind of change is wanted? To what should the Administration be changed? What more than a change do the changelings want? They are dissatisfied with what?—they would have a change—for what? The "present Administration is unendurable, odious,"—why? "A different Administration is wanted!"—how different? "The measures of the democratic party are wrong, bad, injurious"—how and why, and what measures would be better and more beneficial to the country?

Until these questions are answered, and until the federalists show what they want and why they want it, until they show what measures and principles they approve of, their cry for change will not be listened to by the people.

A CONTRAST.

Two National Conventions recently assembled at Baltimore, one of the Democratic party, and the other the federal party. Meeting at the same place and nearly at the same time, the points of contrast between them cannot fail to attract attention and reflection.

The proceedings of the Democratic Convention we publish this week. Whatever diversity of opinion may exist as to other points, all will concede that it was conducted in rational and dignified manner, worthy of a great party, and of an intelligent people. It presented its candidate for the Presidency, and made a full, clear and distinct declaration of its principles. It resorted to no pageant, and made no uproar. Such ought to be the character of political assemblies in America, and especially of one called together for an object of so solemn a moment, as the nomination of a man for the high trust of the Presidency; and such, we rejoice to find, was the character of the National Democratic Convention. It gives cheerful promise, that our elections will be conducted with decency and governed by principle, and not controlled like the English hustings by the vagaries and hallooing of mountebanks.

How different the character of the federal Convention! It was professedly nothing more than a mere numerical aggregation of 25,000 idle people, assembled to exhibit a spectacle, to make a long procession, to parade banners covered with mummeries, log cabins, cider barrels and other similar pieces of buffoonery, to drink hard cider, and to annoy a peaceful city with unnumbered acts of brazen coxembry. No address to the people was adopted. No resolutions declaratory of principle were promulgated. The speakers with the single exception of Mr.

